MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

BY AARON ALLWORTHY & Co.

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BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF JOEL BARLOW, ESQ.

[The subject of this narrative commenced the career [illegible], by pursuing the more flowery paths of literature. His 'Vision of Columbus," his local and satirical poems, and, above all, his admirable "Hasty Pudding," have conferred on him a degree of celebrity, to which few American bards have attained. Happy would it have been, for the reputation of this ingenious but deluded man, if he had continued in the bowers of the Muses, and suffered the reigning doctrines in politics and morals to have remained undisturbed. But he is a miserable and melancholy instance of one "treacherous without art, and a hypocrite without deceiving." He is an apostate from that church, at whose altar he once officiated. He is a railer against that government whose foundations he once strove to strengthen. It may be asked, by what malignant power was a man of fine intelligence and literary research metamorphosed into a deist, a ****** and a philosopher? This unlucky transformation was effected by the diabolical agency of the French sorceress. The Gallic revolution destroyed the character of Barlow's mind, and his residence in, or near the French Republic, has rendered him a traitor to his country, and a blasphemer of his God. While, as a man of letters, he claims and receives the fond admiration of every lover of song, yet it must be remembered that it is our duty to separate his poetical, from his moral and political character. In the first capacity, he is as the morning star, diffusing light and pleasure, and at once sparkling and useful. In the second, he is an angry, portentous and baleful comet, scattering destruction over the nations, and viewed by every moral and religious man, SACRO TIMORE, with a holy horror. As the friend and panegyric of Thomas Paine, as the foe to the social and established systems, as the hater of Washington and of Adams, and of every name by which Goodness and Dignity delight to be indicated, he deserves all our execration. His political "iniquity" is that which should "be punished by the judges," and though we would place the bard on a pedestal, yet the friend of Frenchmen and the disciple of Weishaupt we wish to see reformed by the whip, disgraced by the pillory, restrained by the prison, and mulcted in the purse.]

JOEL BARLOW, a man equally distinguished in Europe and America, was born at Reading, in Connecticut, about the year 1758 or 59; entered Yale college in September, 1774; and graduated in 1778. The events of his youth were probably no wise remarkable. Reading is a small country place; Mr. Barlow, sen. was a respectable farmer; and his son, no doubt, received the customary instruction of youths in his situation.

The class in which Mr. Barlow entered was remarkable from the assemblage of men of talents, many of whom now possess a large share of public confidence, and influence, or direct the councils of their country. To be ranked among the first in such a group is no ordinary praise; and as among the first Mr. Barlow was uniformly considered.

Among many absurd customs which formerly prevailed at Yale college, but which are since abolished, was that of an annual challenge, from the Freshman to the Sophimore class, on the fall of the first snow, to a combat at snow balling. This custom is only of importance, at present, as it gave birth to the first poem Mr. Barlow is known to have produced. The conflict of the contending parties was happily pourtrayed: the description of a snow storm, with which the poem commenced, concluded with this spirited line—

"And Jove descends in magazines of snow."

The attachment which Mr. Barlow displayed for poetry, recommended him to the particular notice of Dr. Dwight; and though his tutorial instructions were confined, principally, to another class, yet he took frequent occasion to promote the improvement of his young friend. To this Mr. Barlow alludes, in very strong terms, in an unpublished poetical letter, addressed to his friend Wolcott (late Secretary of the Treasury of the United States,) shortly after their departure from college; in which he declares, the summit of his happiness and the extent of his wishes to be, to have

"Dwight for his tutor, Wolcott for his friend."

With what success Mr. Barlow cultivated poetry, may be judged by his poem delivered at the public exmaination for the bachelor's degree, in 1778, and which was printed at the time.

On leaving college, the slender finances of our author admonished him to select some employment which would speedily furnish him with the means of subsistance. The Connecticut army, at this time, was deficient in chaplains; and he was urged to qualify himself for that appointment. This required time; but it was intimated to him, that such was the confidence in his genius, application, virtue, and such the desire to serve him, that a brief preparation was all that would be demanded, and that every indulgence should be shewn him at the examination. Thus encouraged, he applied himself strenuously to theological studies; and at the end of six weeks, it is said, sustained a reputable examination, was licensed to preach, and repaired to the army. As a preacher Mr. Barlow was much respected; and the writer of this article remembers to have heard him deliver two sermons during his theological course. How long he continued in the army, is not now recollected; but probably till the close of the war. In 1781, however, he repaired to New-Haven, and took his degree of master of arts. On this occasion he pronounced a poem, which was soon after printed; and was intended as the earnest of his "*Vision of Columbus*," which from this it appears he had already composed. This small poem, together with that abovementioned, and an Elegy on the Hon. Mr. Hosmer, are republished in the "*American Poems*," vol. i. so often referred to in these notices.

After leaving the army Mr. Barlow applied himself to the study of the law, to which he had early destined himself. But immediate support was necessary; and at the suggestion, and probably with the assistance of his friend, he undertook and succeeded in the establishment of a weekly paper, in connexion with a printer at Hartford. During this connexion he published his "*Vision of Columbus*," which has gone through two American, one London and one Paris edition. The subject of this poem was popular; and the active zeal of the friends of the author secured for it a favorable reception. But its merit, overrated at first, is now undervalued. The warmth of friendship, and the decision of an American, may be suspected of partiality; but after every deduction, the "*Vision of Columbus*" must be considered as a specimen of talents, highly honorable to so young a man. The ease, correctness, and even sweetness of the versification, and the philosophical turn of thought, which it displays throughout, are much towards compensating for the inherent defects of plan, and the absence of those bold and original flights of genius, which have been designated as among the indispensible characteristics of the Epopea; and the poem may be repeatedly perused with pleasure, although the reader may not be able to forget that some of its most interesting passages are close copies of correspondent descriptions, and relations in the Incas of Marmontel.

After the publication of his poem, Mr. Barlow was employed by the clergy of Connecticut in the revision of Dr. Watts' version of the Psalms; to supply deficiencies, and to adapt the whole to the peculiar state of the country. This task he executed to general acceptance; and in

two instances added very beautiful little poems to the common Psalm book.

About this time Mr. Barlow dropped his connexion with the weekly paper, and opened a bookstore. But as this was principally for the sale of his edition of the Psalms, he quitted this occupation as soon as that was effected, and engaged in the profession of the law. In this his success was but indifferent. The noble conceits and generous sentiments of the poet, do not readily amalgamate with the tautological jargon and petty detail of the lawyer; Mr. Barlow's manners and address were not popular; his elocution was embarrassed; and he was thought deficient in that *happy impudence* which is so essential to the success of an advocate. He had no children to labor for; and the amiable fortitude and enlightened understanding of his partner sustained his spirits. Still the prospect of a small decreasing fund preyed upon his mind; and he was, therefore, the more easily induced to quit his situation, and to seek in an agency to a foreign country that wealth which eluded his grasp in his own.

Some members of a land company, called the Ohio company, in connexion with a few other persons then supposed to be men of property, by a manœuvre not then understood, but which has since been detected, appropriated to their own use a very considerable part of the funds of that company; and, under the title of the Scioto company, offered vast tracts of land for sale in Europe, to few of which they had any pretensions. It was as the agent of this Scioto company, but with perfect ignorance of their secret plan, that Mr. Barlow embarked for France in 1788.—The event of this agency was unfortunate, and left him, it is supposed, with no other resources than his own genius and reputation, to make his way in a distant land, and amid a different people. From this time his literary and political history is well known.

During his residence in Hartford, Mr. Barlow was concerned in all the publications of the time, which issued from the Club of Wits in that city. In particular, he bore a large share in "*The Anarchiad.*" It was also during this period, probably, that his religious opinions were shaken; and that process of iniquity was undertaken, which has terminated in the sentiments he now avows. With the change in his religious faith, his political system has more completely evolved itself; and the omission of the dedication of his "*Vision of Columbus*" to Louis XVI, and of some passages in the poem itself, in his last edition, evince the consistency of his political and the liberality of his moral creed.

Mr. Barlow has published, since his residence in Europe—

1. The Conspiracy of Kings, a poem, in 4to. London, 1796. This has been republished repeatedly in the U. States.

2. Advice to the Priviledged Orders, Part I. London.

3. Letter to the National Convention, &c.

4. Address to the People of Piedmont, &c.

5. Advice to Privileged Orders, Part II. Paris, &c.

6. The Hasty Pudding, a poem. First printed in New-York, in 12mo, in 1796. This has gone through repeated editions, as have all the preceding works.

Mr. Barlow is now the American Consul at Algiers, in which capacity he has concluded an advantageous treaty with the Dey; and distinguished himself, at the hazard of his life, by his humane exertions in behalf of his countrymen who were held there in slavery.

August, 1798.

From the LONDON MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ACCOUNT OF THE PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS IN ITALY, COLLECTED IN A TOUR THROUGH THAT COUNTRY IN 1803, BY M. FERNOW.

CONTINUED.

The printing-establishment of the Typographical Society of Pisa is a recent, but apparently a successful institution. The works printed at it are distinguished by the beauty of the letters, the goodness of the paper, and the correctness of the impression. As a proof I need only mention the new edition of Cesarotti's Works, of which nine volumes were printed when I was at Pisa. The tenth will contain the Academic Discourses of the author, which were never before published. Rosini, a man of letters, who conducts this establishment, gave me the first sheets of the volume. The discourses are written with great eloquence as well as elegance. Among the living authors of Italy, Cesarotti is without dispute, one of those who possess the greatest talents and the most polished taste. The Society has announced splendid folio editions of the four first classic poets of Italy, Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, and Tasso. The number of subscribers was complete, but they had not yet commenced printing. I, however, saw a proof-sheet of Dante, with whose works they begin. The paper and impression were very beautiful, but the form appeared rather too long in proportion to the breadth. The collection will form twelve volumes, each of which will cost three sequin (about 1*l.* 10*s.* English,) and the works of each author will be accompanied with his portrait, engraved by Morghen. It is now the fashion to print the name of each subscriber on the title of his copy, and that method will be followed with this work. The Society likewise prints a literary journal, which seldom pronounces any opinion where it cannot praise, and merely inserts a notice or extracts. The greatest part of the works of which it treats are foreign, and principally French; the literature of France being now exclusively cultivated in Italy. The native productions are so few, that a journal devoted only to Italian literature, could scarcely be supported, especially if it were obliged to appear regularly at stated periods.

At Florence I could not stop longer than four days; and what are four days in a city which, next to Rome, contains the most numerous and the most precious treasures of the arts, and where four months would scarcely be sufficient to survey, with proper attention, all that is worthy of notice; I immediately relinquished the Idea of seeing every thing, and confined myself to the most capital works and the first-rate artists residing in that city. The Palazzo Pitti is now scarcely worth the trouble of going to see it. The French carried off between sixty and seventy pictures, and among them all the good pieces it contained. In the Gallery I missed not a single article, either statue or picture, excepting the Venus de Medici. The two statues of the family of Niobe (the second daughter and the son, who lies dead and extended on the ground,) together with other pieces which had been removed to Palermo, had recently been brought back, and, to my great joy, I found them in their former places. The statuary, Santarelli, a native of Rome, who has resided, for the last ten years, at Florence, is one of the ablest artists in his line. He likewise imbosses portraits in wax, and his success in taking likenesses procured him abundance of employment during the war. He has likewise much talent for mechanics. At the house of Fabre, a pupil of David's school, who obtained some distinction in the last exhibitions of the Academy of Rome, before the death of Basseville, and has, since that period, constantly resided at Florence, I saw an historical picture, the subject of which is taken from Alfieri's Tragedy of Saul, and represents a vision of that king, tormented by his evil conscience. It would be difficult to discover the subject without some explanation; but the artists, in excuse of himself, says, that he chose this circumstance at the particular desire of Alfieri, who had much more talent for the composition of a tragedy than of a picture. I never observed in any modern painter such a perfect execution of all the parts, such a masterly

disposition of the colours; and in the mechanical part of his professionFabre is indisputably as accomplished an artist. The plan and ground of the picture, which comprise a good deal of landscape, are so exqtuisitely beautiful, with regard to the disposition, colours, and proportions, that, excepting Reinhart, I know no landscape-painter who could excel it. The same commendation may be given to all the other subordinate parts of the piece, but does not apply to the principal object: for accuracy in the details, brilliancy in the colouring, and the highest degree of perfection in the execution, are not sufficient to form a good dramatic picture: and those are almost the only good qualities of this piece. The composition is patched, the action theatrical, the expression overcharged, and the stile has the usual faults of the French school; the figures are invariably muscular, the drapery precisely folded into a thousand small plaits, and the light thrown upon the most brilliant colours, so that the eye has no repose, excepting in the landscape. The carnation resembles ivory, and the naked parts are daubed. The tone of the whole is much too glaring and lively for a grave subject. At the same artist's I saw several fine portraits, in which his great mechanical merit is ably displayed. Among these were the portraits of General Clarke, who commands at Florence, and of the Queen of Etruria, both striking likenesses. Fabre possesses a beautiful ancient portrait, which he attributes to Raphael, and six admirabe landscapes, two by Caspar, two by Poussin, and two by Annibal Caracci, which are all in the highest preservation, and are alone a sufficent inducement to visit the artist. Another French painter, named Desmarez, likewise deserves the traveller's notice. He belongs also to the French school, but a greater contrast cannot exist than between him and Fabre, and it is interesting to see the former immediately after the latter. Fabre has neither invention nor fire; his whole art is mechanical, and he aims only at neatness and perfection, with which he charms the eye of the amateur. Desmarez possesses the talent of invention, fire, and energy; he is partial to grave, pathetic and tragic scenes, and his colouring is suitable to the gravity of his subjects, but it is rude, inaccurate, inharmonious, and rather repulsive than agreeable to the eye. He has more talent than art. If both agree in any point, it is in that which they derive from their common school; in the theatrical disposition and overcharged expression of the postures and attitudes, in which consists the realessence of the French school and, perhaps, generally of the French manner of considering nature. Desmarez, however, incontestably possesses a genius for dramatic painting, and a creative imagination, of which Fabre is destitute; only it is a pity that he has been spoiled by his school.

["To be continued," we should naturally say in this place, but if the publication is to be suspended, how can the piece be continued?—We regret that so interesting a paper, to the literary reader, should so abruptly break off.]

The Assembly's Missionary Magazine.

A religous society in the Uuited States, similar to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, have undertaken to patronize a monthly pamphlet, devoted entirely to Evangelical objects. Mr. William P. Farrand, formally a very respectable tutor at the college of Princeton, and Mr. E. Chauncy, have the immediate superintendence of this moral and religious work.

It seems perfectly well adapted to the views of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. It abounds with biographical notices of pious men. It is fortified with strong arguments in defence of the Christian faith. It contains exhortations always fervent, and sometimes enthusiastic, to the practise of 'whatsoever things are of good report.' It successfully attacks the sceptic, and exhibits a very powerful array against the infidel.

Tracks of this description, in a portable and popular form, and afforded, like the present, for a very cheap consideration, are admirably adapted to the wants and wishes of many, who have not time to peruse the prolix sermons of Barrow, or to follow the mazy reasonings of Bently and Clark.

We understand that this Magazine already meets with very liberal ade, and from our knowledge of the abilities, resources, and industry of the Editors, we have not a doubt that it will fully realize not only the hopes of the proprietors, but the claims of the public.—*Port Folio.*

AN UNCOMMON ACTION OF A DOG.

At the seat of the late Earl of Litchfield (says an author of reputation,) three miles from Blenheim, there is a portrait in the dining-room of Sir Henry Lee, by Johnson, with that of a mastiff dog which saved his life. It seems a servant had formed the design of assassinating his master and robbing the house; but the night he had fixed on, the dog, which had never been much noticed by Sir Henry, for the first time followed him up stairs, got under his bed, and could not be got from thence by either master or man: in the dead of night, the same servant entered the room to execute his horrid design; but was instantly seized by the dog, and being secured, confessed his intentions. There are quaint lines in one corner of the picture, which conclude thus:

But in my dog, whereof I made no store,
I find more love than those I trusted more.

Said *Gripus*, to reprove his spendthrift son,
Ned! you rake! you spend as fast as I can earn"—
"Hold, hold!" quoth Ned, "that is one grand mistake,
I'm the *pitchfork*, and you yourself the *rake*."

Complaisance is no longer confined to the polite circles. A captain of a vessel was lately called out of a coffee-house at Wapping by a waterman, with the following address—"An't please your honor, the *Tide* is waiting for you."

A BON vivant of fashion, brought to his death bed, by an immoderate use of wine, after having been seriously taken leave of by Dr. Pitcairn, and ingenuously told that he could not in human probability survive twelve hours, and would die by eight o'clock next morning, exerted the small remains of his strength to call the doctor back, which having accomplished with difficulty, his loudest effort not exceeding a whisper he said, with the true spirit of a gambler, "Docter, I'll bet you a bottle I live till nine."

To our Patrons.

The "MERRIMACK MISCELLANY is from this day transferred from the subscriber to Messrs. W. & J. GILMAN, who will continue it to all the present subscribers, (unless they signify to the contrary) under the title of the "MERRIMACK MAGAZINE, and *Ladies' Literary Cabinet*," from whom it will receive that attention, which it was not in the power of the subscriber to bestow, and no doubt to the acceptance of its present worthy patrons.

He will not dismiss it without tendering his warmest thanks to those who have been its supporters, and is sorry the limited subscription he has received, will not permit him to continue his services in this way any longer.

He likewise feels himself under particular obligations to the gentlemen who have contributed the matter, original and selected, for its columns—and who have ever discovered so much solicitude for its reputation and success. His gratitude to them runs parallel with the regret he feels in not being able to progress with the undertaking.

*** The terms of the '*Merrimack Magazine*' are two 2 dolls. per ann, half-yearly in advance, containing considerably more matter than the Miscellany, and issued in the same manner.

☞ All dues on the 'Miscellany' must be discharged immediately.

W. B. ALLEN.

POETRY.

From the Dartmouth Gazette.

REVIEW.

I've seen, though but a child in years,
  Life's journey rather tough,
But yet, that halfour hopes and fears
  Are shammy things enough.

I've seen the simple rule the wise,
  The coward awe the brave;
Age, feeble age, stern death survive,
  While youth suppli'd the grave.

I've seen the sons of fortune fail,
  And end their days in rags;
Want's meagre offspring shun the jail,
  And boast their *golden bags.*

I've seen ambition, clad in arms,
  Fly to the field of Mars;
And vet'rans, proud of war's alarms,
  Ambitious of their scars.

I've seen the spendthrift waste his store,
  His comrades to maintain;
The miser sternly bolt his door.
  And want implore in vain.

I've seen the path of folly strown
  With all the flowers of taste,
While the lone walk of virtue shown,
  A solitary waste.

I've seen how folly's hope decays
  With life, as years increase;
I've seen the Christian end his days,
  And lo! his end was peace.

All this I've seen, and sad experience shows,
  (A truth once disbeliev'd, but now confess'd)
When born, we list to war with cares and woes,
  And he deserves them least,who bears them best.

A. Z.

From the Providence Gazette.

A NEW PARODY of an OLD SONG.

Tune....*To Anacreon in Heaven.*

TO old Satan in hell, where he sat in full glee,
The emperor Bonaparte sent a petition,
That he his inspirer and patron would be—
When this answer he gave, and made this the condition--
  Sound the trumpet of war,
  Scatter death and despair,
And the torches of hell round your footsteps shall glare.
Whilst firm in my cause you promote the great plan,
To blast every blessing and comfort of man.

Be every continent, island and main,
The scope of thy bold and thy hostile intrusion;
May empire and kingdom, and mountain and plain,
By thee be made scenes of infernal confusion;
  Bid thy pirates invade
  The American trade;
By rapine and plunder thy fortune is made—
And of thy vast armies be this the blest plan,
To blast every blessing and comfort of man.

This news through the region of Lucifer flew,
When the demons all rose in a sort of a riot;
"If this emperor's suffer'd his schemes to pursue,
We all may as well fold our arms and sit quiet;
  For surely our aim
  And this man's is the same,
To spread through the earth discord's wide wasting flame,
And combin'd in one cause to promote the great plan,
To blast every blessing and comfort of man.

What the deuce will remain for us demons to do,
If this man sets on men to destroy one another;
If the slaves of his nod his curst orders pursue,
And his hands are imbru'd in the blood of a brother.
  While the wild shrieks of pain
  Spread from Egypt's wide plain,
And e'en carnage is drunk with the blood of the slain,
What need of our efforts to further the plan,
To blast every blessing and comfort of man.

Old Lucifer rose, and cry'd, "Hold, ne'er complain,
Nor find fault with the deeds of my vot'ry above;
He's a demon of hell in the image of man,
And for this very purpose from hence did remove;
  Man I ne'er could employ,
  With a horrible joy,
The fair works of creation to waste and destroy;
Nor could mere human villainy e'er form the plan,
To blast every blessing and comfort of man."

Ye friend of mankind, then, all join hand in hand,
Bid this demon return to the place whence he came;
O let man now behold but his brother in man,
Say, though oceans divide, nature still is the same;
  Let discord no more
  Bid the tempest to roar,
But let peace spread its olive to each distant shore.
Heaven itself shall assist the beneficent plan,
And an Eden shall bloom for the comfort of man.

ADDRESS TO ENTERPRIZE.

BY A TRAVELLER.

ON lofty Mountains roaming
  O're bleak perennial snow,
Where cataracts are foaming,
  And raging north winds blow:
Where hungry wolves are prowling,
  And famished eagles cry,
Where tempests loud are howling,
  And low'ring vapours fly:
There at the peep of morning,
  Bedecked with dewy tears,
Wild weeds her brows adorning,
  Bold Enterprize appears;
While keen eyed Expectation
  Still points to objects new;
See panting Emulation
  Her fleeting steps pursue.
List! list! celestial Virgin,
  And oh the vow record;
From every care emerging,
  I pledge this solemn word:
By desert, fields, or fountains,
  While life, while health remains,
O'er Lapland's icy mountains,
  Or Afric's burning plains;
Or 'midst the darksome wonders
  Which earth's vast caves conceal,
Where subterranean thunders
  Primæval fires reveal:
Where, bright in matchless lustre,
  The *litbal* flowers unfold,
And midst the beauteous clustre
  Beams efflorescent gold;
In every varied station,
  Whate'er my fate may be,
My hope, my exultation,
  Is still to follow thee.
When age, with sickness blended,
  Shall check the gay career,
And death though oft suspended
  Shall seem to hover near:
Then oft, in visions fleeting,
  May thy fair form be nigh,
And still thy votary greeting,
  Receive his parting sigh;
And tell a joyful story
  Of some new world of bliss,
Eclipsing all the glory
  Thou promis'd him in this.

-RADEGUNDA.

A curious wager was decided a few days ago, in a village near Manchester; where, at a public house, a parish clerk, famous for garrulity, was upbraided with it, and told that if his life depended on it, he could not hold his tongue for 2 hours. *Moses* picqued at the insinuation, offered to wager the money he was to have for digging a grave on the following day, (for Moses is *sexton* as well as clerk) with his *jeerer*, that he did not speak a word, good, bad, or indifferent, for the time specified. The bet was concluded. The chatter-box screwed up his mouth, and became as silent as the *grave*. All means were tried to provoke a word—various question were asked—nay, he was even told of a neighbouring squire who lay so ill that he was given up by the faculty.—Still Moses resised the temptation, notwithstanding he knew that a hatband was always his perquisite, as clerk, when any of that family died. At last an expedient was devised, which had more power.—A person was sent to tell the Clerk's wife, that her husband was taken speechless. Terrified at the news, she posted to the Black Bull.

On entering she immediately asked him how he found himself! He only answered by a nod, and a shake of his head.—'Don't shake thy head at me Moses! How dost do?" No answer—"Do speak Moses! Oh! I shall go mad;" and every symptom of delirium soon made its appearance. She stamped—she wept—she scolded—she prayed—she swore—still Moses held his tongue. Her passion increased—she tore off her cap, and began to tear out her hair. This was too much for Moses, and with a louder voice than he ever responded "Amen," he bawled out, "Rot the! thou soft toad! thou'st lost me th' digging of owd John o'William's grave, and be hanged to thee!" —— *Lon. Pap.*

A FRENCH gentleman, totally unacquainted with our language, being introduced into a circle of young Ladies and gentlemen in Boston; after the usual compliments had pased, seated himself beside a beautiful young lady: and being deprived of the satisfaction of conversing with her (his countenance, however expressed the emotion of his heart) he seized her by the hand—she requested him to be easy—which he mistook for the French word, *baize* (kiss me) and began kissing her to the great mirth of the company. The consequence was, that the ladies came to an unanimous determination never to say 'be easy' to a Frenchman.

We have authority for saying, that the late announciation of the Marriage of Mr. *Gardiner Spring*, of this town, resident in Connecticut, is totally false, and that he has commenced a prosecution on the propagator of the libel.—The printers who have noticed the marriage, are requested to insert this correction.